# DESERET EVENING NEWS

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## WELCOME HOME.

The Latter-day Saints heartily welcome President Joseph F. Smith, Bishop C. W. Nibley, and party, back to Zion, after their trip abroad. They are grateful for the safe return home of their beloved President, and for the good work he has been permitted to perform among the Saints in Europe, by way of counsel, encouragement, instruction, and confirmation in the faith. They hope and pray that he, too, may have been benefited, physically and spiritually, notwithstanding the almost constant exertion, and that he may feel equal in every respect to the important duties that devolve upon him as the leader of the people of God. To the Saints in Europe the visit of President Smith and companions has been a feast of spiritual outpouring, long to be remembered. His public addresses, in Rotterdam, Stockholm, Liverpool, and all the other places, from which we have seen reports, have been filled with impressive testimonies concerning the truth of the Gospel, which will live long in the hearts of those who heard them. It has been an historical journey.

## LABOR DAY.

Tomorrow is Labor Sunday, and Monday is generally designated as Labor day, and a word or two on the subject suggested by the season may not be untimely.

Labor is not a curse. It is one of the greatest blessings conferred on man. Or, rather, it is the channel through which the greatest blassings flow to the human race. It is the means of developing man physically, and rendering him fit to become a progenitor. Without labor the race would speedily degenerate, physically. There is no physical excellence without constant exercise.

It is also a moral force. It is the laborer who is busy creating, planning, scheming, who is morally sound. It is the laborer, who is constantly battling against the forces of nature and conquering them in the interest of civilization, who becomes the real man. He alone is learning in the school of life and developing the qualities that are needed for eternal progression. It is the idler who becomes the pest center. Kropotkin is perfectly right when he says:

"So long as we have a caste of idlers . . . so long these idlers will always be a focus of pestilence to general morality. He who lives his life in dull laziness, who is always bent merely on getting new pleasures, who by the very basis of his existence can know no solidarity, and who by his course of life cultivates the vilest self-seeking—he will always pursue the coarsest sensual pleasures and debase everything around him. With his bag full of dollars and his bestial impulses he will go and dishonor women and children, degrade art, the drama, the press, sell his country and its defenders."

The Scriptures have put the seal of disapproval on idleness so plainly that it can be seen by everybody. The apostolic command is: "If any would not work, neither should he eat." (2 Thess. 3:10.) And of the dead it is said they shall be judged by their works." Their "works" follow them, when all else must be left behind. That is their eternal treasure.

It cannot be denied that, as the world is consituted, labor has its grievances. To say this is but to say that the world is not yet perfect. When perfection comes labor will have no grievance.

There is something wrong somewhere when those who labor and toil to the point of destroying their health, and risking their lives, can earn barely enough to exist on, while others who, like the lilies of the field, neither toil nor spin, roll in luxuries. There is something wrong when the idler has more time for improvement than the toiler. Not that his lot is enviable, for time and means in his hands are but weapons of destruction. But the laborer who is ambitious for improvement and willing to spend his time in useful work should have ample opportunity for improvement by studying, traveling, etc., etc.

There is something wrong when children of laborers, in our large cities, are permitted to grow up in physical and moral filth and neglect. Charity is no substitute for the parental care that is the prerogative of every child.

Tolstoy has depicted the ideal condition:

"The disciple of Christ. . . will work in wood and field, see the sunshine, the earth, the sky, and the beasts; he will not worry over what he is to eat to tempt his appetite, and what he can do to help his digestion, but will be hungry three times a day; he will not roll on soft cushions and think upon deliverance from insomnia, but sleep; he will be sick, suffer, and die like all men—the poor who are sick and die seem to have an easier time of it than the rich—he will live in free fellowship with all men."

Tolstoy predicts a time when man shall "ask no work from others, but himself devote his whole life to work for others." Then, he says, man will assure himself of a living, "not by taking it away from others but by making him useful and necessary to others. The more necessary he is to others, the more assured is his existence." Then the principle will rule, that "man lives not to be served but to serve."

This may be the ideal, but it is far off. And in the meantime the important question is how it can be reached.

At present some propose to "fight" for it. There is a tendency to divide society in classes and to array one against the other. Labor leaders order a strike because for instance, a painter refuses to discharge a worker. The painters' association immediately orders a lockout of all painters loyal to their union. That is how it is proposed to right grievances, to further the interests of labor and to regenerate society. But this is futile. War never rights anything. It merely determines on which side brute force is the stronger.

There is a better way. And that is the preaching of the Gospel of love, and the awakening of men's consciences to the performance of duty, in justice to all men. It is significant that when the Spirit of the Lord was poured out in abundance upon the people on the day of Pentecost, the first thought of the converts was for the comfort of their fellowmen. Freely they contributed their substance to the common treasury, in order that all might enjoy the blessings of life. That is the effect of the acceptance of the Gospel of the Redeemer. It is the mission of the Church to declare this Gospel, and to apply its regenerating influence to mankind. This may appear to be a slow way, but it is God's, and it is the only effective way. There is, in fact, no other.

The Church is the best friend of laborers, as of all mankind. There are false friends, too. We all remember, a few years ago, evidence was given at Chicago in the trial of an official of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, for conspiracy. Witnesses "testified that for $1,500, divided among five labor leaders, the great teamsters' strike was brought on in the spring of 1905, which caused a loss of $9,500,000 to merchants and employes, besides involving the killing of 30 men and the wounding of many more." The garment workers paid the money to secure a "sympathetic strike" in support of their fight against Montgomery Ward & Co. According to this testimony labor leaders actually traded away among themselves the interests and good name of their followers, and they felt so well over the outcome of their transaction that they "chipped in" $20 each to reward the man who brought the bribe money. Is it not true, then, that labor has false friends as well as true? It is necessary to discriminate between them. True friends are they who give their influence for peace and good will, and who try to correct all evils by the means given for that purpose by the Father of us all. That is an infallible test. Let none be deceived.

## EUCHARIST CONGRESS.

From the 7th to the 12th of this month, the Eucharistic congress, a Catholic institution, will be held at Montreal. It is expected that three cardinals, one hundred and twenty bishops, and numerous other clergymen will participate, besides a large concourse of men and women of the laity.

Such congresses have been held at regular intervals since 1881, when one was in session at Lille, in France. They are "love feasts," figuratively speaking. According to Cardinal Gibbons their object is to "draw us all, bishops, priests and people, closer together in the bonds of Christian fellowship and brotherhood, and may this love-feast be an earnest and foretaste of the heavenly banquet at which we shall recline with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of Heaven, to be 'forever inebriated with the plenty of God's house, and to drink of the torrent of delights.'"

That sounds well in this age of world congresses and ideas of a universal brotherhood. More particularly they are intended to afford an opportunity of studying close all that appertains to the cultus of the Eucharist; or, rather, they are revival meetings arranged for the purpose of arousing interest among non-Catholics for the Catholic religion, with its gorgeous pageants, spectacular worship and uniformed clergy.

Concerning the origin of the Eucharist congress, it is said that in 1873 a French woman announced her desire to devote herself to the regeneration of the world through the holy Eucharist. The priest to whom she confided this plan advised her to work, pray, and wait. She did so, until the plan for a Eucharist congress took form in her mind. Pope Leo XIII. sanctioned it. And thus the congress became a Catholic institution.

Eucharist is the Catholic name for the Lord's Supper. It means "thanksgiving." The Catholic doctrine is that the emblems used in the sacrament, become the body and blood of our Savior, when they are blessed by the officiating clergyman. To the Catholic church this sacrament is "the very life." "It is in the church what the sun is in the physical world. It is the center of the sphere." As the pope is head of the church which exists to convey to the faithful the benefits of the Eucharist, "these (are) the two generative dogmas of Catholic life—the Eucharist and the papacy." Loyalty and attachment to his holiness, the blessed Virgin, and the Eucharist are described as the three "roses of the elect."

This explains the interest manifested in the congress. The Eucharist is regarded as the "great mystery" through which the world may be brought back to the church. It is a "remedy for sin."

When the congress was held in London, in 1908, it will be remembered, some features of the public ceremonies were prohibited, as contrary to English law. There will be no such obstacles to the celebration at Montreal, and it is presumed the pageant will be one of impressive splendor. There will be rich vestments, costly banners, torches, incense and silken canopies, a vast array of clergy, with prelates, bishops and princes of the church. In Montreal the whole paraphernalia of Catholic magnificence will be displayed amid a population mostly sympathetic.

It should be said in this connection that the New Testament does not teach transubstantiation, nor consubstantiation. The words of our Savior instituting the sacrament makes it commemorative. It is true, the Lord, when giving the bread to His disciples said, "This is my body;" and of the wine, "This is my blood." But that is a perfectly well understood figure of speech. We stand before a statue of Washington and say, "this is Washington," or we give a friend a picture of Lincoln, and say, "This is Lincoln." We mean, and everybody so understands us, that the marble or painting represents the statesman mentioned. We do not mean that the marble was, by transubstantiation changed into Washington. As little did our Savior have transubstantiation in view when he broke the bread. It is commemorative.

It is also a pictorial representation to the word of the sacrifice of our Lord on Calvary. For this purpose a Eucharist congress may seem to be in harmony with the Scriptural injunction, to proclaim the death of our Lord, until He returns to Earth. But to be Scriptural the sacrament ought to be observed in the Scriptural simplicity which is characteristic of the church of the Redeemer, and not with the addition of the pomp and show that reminds of pagan Rome rather than the church of martyrs.

## COURTS MAKING LAWS.

The biographical notices that continue to appear concerning the late Chief Justice Fuller are significant in several ways. One of these is that political independence, and even political mistakes, if honestly made, do not necessarily entail that oblivion to public usefulness which is the belief and stock argument of professional politicians.

It was President Cleveland who nominated Mr. Fuller to the supreme bench—the first nomination to that position made by a Democratic president since the Civil war; and such strong Republicans as Senators Edmunds and Sherman were bitterly opposed to the Senate's confirming this nomination. They denounced Fuller as a "copperhead," because he had been a delegate to the Democratic convention that had nominated McClellan for president and had declared the war a failure. Nevertheless, the Senate—nine Republicans finally voting with the Democrats—finally gave the necessary assent by a two-thirds vote and Mr. Fuller, not previously well known, at length came to be described as "the most beloved of all the country's chief justices."

Under this chief justice the supreme court has come to exercise a sort of economic function upon the country's business. By reason of his being a "strict constructionist," Chief Justice Fuller was the controlling factor in deciding that the income tax was not constitutional, and that the Sherman anti-trust law does not apply to manufacturing corporations. It was these especially, that the law was meant to curb; and by the decision of the court they were removed from its operation as not being in restraint of inter-state trade, inasmuch as manufacturing is usually done within the boundaries of a single state, and is not in itself "commerce."

Both these decisions were unpopular; and both show that the court, in declaring what is and what is not law, to some extent makes the law—a condition which is quite generally feared and deprecated by American writers on political science. Some say that this condition represents a tendency which if not arrested, will throw the whole legislative power of the nation into the hands of the judiciary, and make of Congress a revising rather than a legislative body.

That this condition represents a real evil can not be denied; yet it is enevitable where so much legislation is enacted; and we believe that the multiplicity of laws is largely to be blamed for the activity of the courts in lawmaking. For the laws must be applied; and if, in applying them they are found to clash with the fundamental law of the land, either the statute or the Constitution must be rendered inoperative or all would be chaos. Yet it does seem strange that it is so difficult to frame laws that are in harmony with the Constitution.

## THE "FIGHT" LESSON.

In the language of an old proverb, "the Lord out of evil some good still takes; and it appears that the mental collapse of Jeffries, which is now accepted as the prime reason for the ex-champion pugilist's poor showing, is not without its lessons.

The former champion was in good physical condition—strong and in perfect trim. But he had been out of the ring for six years, and had no natural desire for a renewal of the brutal game, especially with a negro for his opponent. He went into the contest unwillingly and with the feeling of an enormous responsibility upon him—that, namely, of defending the "honor" of the white race. An accurate account, at length amply verified by the observation of others, is that Jeffries began to get irritable and sulky the day before the fight; he tried playing cards, but could not keep his mind on the game; he wouldn't converse; he didn't wish any supper; he spent a restless night; his physician found him physically perfect, but suffering from an attack of nervous prostration; indeed, all the facts show that it was mental or pysichical conditions that undid the champion, and gave the "honor" to the negro.

Our own view of this brutal sport has been several times stated; we think that all such exhibitions tend to degrade those who witness or hear of them. It may be true that those who actually participate as principals are not made any worse; possibly, as some have claimed, they may be made better by the training and the enforced standard of fair play required by the rules; but for the onlookers, the effect of witnessing any intentional battering and marring of the human form and countenance, must be a lowering of their previous ideals as to the inherent divinity of human form and feature.

The good, therefore, if any shall result from this affair, must be indirect and accidental. We think of one possible benefit: the lesson that it is the mind, quite as much as the body, which does physical work, while in mental operations the mind so plainly dominates that the body is seen to be but the tardy instrument.

Guard your thoughts, they are powerful in helping or in hindering your course of action; cherish good ambitions and always have a definite aim; let the mind lead, not follow, the bodily operations; use conscience as a guide for action, and not as a mere reflection upon what is already done and therefore beyond control. Above all, keep the mental faculties active and in control of all conscious effort; this, in short, seems to be the one good lesson discernible in the sorry spectacle of this "great fight."

For if mental collapse may come from too much anxiety, as this case indicates, then faith in oneself and in the cause espoused, with confidence in the outcome, is another element of success in any undertaking. And this is the lesson which even a prize fight may bear to youth and may actually impress it more effectively than the sayings of moralists and teachers have succeeded in doing. Thus, Ella Wheeler Wilcox long ago said it effectively enough, in her lines beginning

"Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
the structure of thy future . . . .
trust in thine own untried capacity."

To think out what we are about to do and then to go at it with confidence—this, it seems to us, is the lesson of all great achievement.

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The grass widow is joy unconfined.

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The government at Beverly still lives.

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A boomerang can always come back.

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A dictator or a Daniel come to judgment?

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No egg was ever as fresh as a "freshie."

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All the aviators are after the man higher up.

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War is being waged on wormy fruit. Will the worm turn?

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Many women play the violin but none second fiddle.

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Few things give one more self-respect than cash.

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Stealing on the Illnois Central was by the car-repair load.

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It is better to suffer in silence than in any part of the body.

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Party primaries are nothing put preliminaries to the main event.

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Speaker Cannon is making no noise. He never fires blank cartridges.

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From his letter to him, Ostermann evidently thought that Polly wanted a cracker.

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Salt Lake finds a Commercial Club a more powerful instrument for good than a "big stick."

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Engineer Stewart should be called David, for did he not slay the train robber, Goliath, with a stone?

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You can't tell the shoe merchant where the shoe pinches, for he always insists that it is a perfect fit.

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Lillian Russel's new play is entitled, "In Search of a Sinner." She shouldn't have far to go before finding one.

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Most men when they die wish to leave their families something while others are content just to leave their families.

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Colonel Roosevelt's story of the lions and the African railroad shows that he can appreciate a Munchausen if he chose. It is quite Kiplingesque.

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Dr. Crippen and companion occupy less space in the papers and more in their cells than they did. This is as it should be.

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Already New York is a larger city than London, the largest city in the world, in fact, by counting her chickens thirty years before they are hatched.

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President Taft has appointed Joseph Austin Holmes of the geological survey director of the new bureau of mines. Holmes, sweet Holmes, be he ever so humble, there's no one like Holmes.

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So the "American" party wants Mayor Bransford to run for Congress. What a splendid race he would make! The story of his campaign would read about like this: "See the man run. How fast the man runs. Will the man win? No, the man will not win."

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The army engineers who have been assigned to the task of raising the Maine cannot agree as to the best plan. They might learn something by pondering well what Chase said to Greeley: "The way to resumption is to resume."

## JUST FOR FUN

### Two Bullseyes.

Senator La Follette was talking about two corporations that had been attacking one another in the press.

"They both scored," he said. "They made me think of two prisoners in Atlanta, one of whom had been convicted of stealing a watch, the other of stealing a cow. These two prisoners hated each other, and as they passed one morning in the exercise yard the cow stealer said with a sneer:

"What time is it?"

"Milking time," the watch stealer answered.—New York Press.

### Progressive Municipalism.

There can no longer be any doubt that New York is "going some." It is now claimed that it owes seven times more than any other city and that its per capita debt is $157.74.—New York World.

### Moderation.

Census taker—How many children have you?

Citizen—Three.

Census taker—Altogether?

Citizen—No; one at a time.—From Life.

### As Per Hobo Dictionary.

Rollingstone Nomoss—Wot does "superfluous" mean?

Tatterdon Torn—A bath robe an' a cake of soap.—Philadelphia Record.

### Rather Particular.

"When I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens."

"What kind do you mean?"

"The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

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"Why do humorists usually look so sad?"

"They have to look that way," replied Mr. Merriman. "It wouldn't be modest or becoming for a man to be constantly smiling at his own happy thoughts."—Washington Star.

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"Pop, what a pity it was that the ancient Romans did not know anything about baseball."

"Why so, my son?"

"Just think of how they would have enjoyed killing the umpire."—Baltimore American.

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Mrs. Nupop—Dear, the baby is getting to look more and more like you every day.

Mr. Nupop (absently)—Well, punish him yourself. I can't be bothered with tales of his constant misdeeds when I come home tired and nervous.—Cleveland Leader.

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"I would like to go to one of these palmists who pretend to foretell the future and fool him."

"You couldn't do it. He would soon find out your game."

"How could he?"

"Well, he could make you show your hand."—Chicago Journal.

## From The Battleground of Thought.

**Negro Business League.** It is hard to see how any one, no matter what his view of the negro race or the race question, can help approving such an organization as the league of negro business men or wishing success to its work. One may, of course, hold that mere material progress is not the only thing the race and its friends ought to aim at—that is not even the thing which ought to be set first among the things desirable. But one can hardly hold that it is not desirable; one can hardly deny that it is the means by which most of the other desirable things are to be attained. It is certainly, therefore, a safe line Booker Washington and his associates are working on, and they show good sense in their methods, a good knowledge of the people they are trying to advance, and a good knowledge of the actual conditions of their practical problem. Mutual help, racial self-dependence, and esprit de corps—these are things the negro race in this country needs; and such gatherings as that of the negro business men in New York last week, and those held regularly at Hampton and Tuskagee, are perfectly sensible efforts toward these ends. They are all mainly experience meetings—"clearing houses of experience," as Dr. Washington put it. Reporting progress in this way makes for progress. It helps to make generally known what can be accomplished by negroes, to make plain the lines of least resistance, the practicable avenues. It makes, too, for sympathy and heartening, to which negroes are, as a rule, exceptionally responsive. And it gives the most effective kind of emphasis to the lesson which the best friends of the race are most anxious to have it thoroughly learn: the lesson, namely, that to do all sorts of common things well pays the black man as well as the white man; that good work of many kinds is in demand from black men as well as from white men.—Harper's Weekly.

**How to Learn To Fly.** Where can I buy an aeroplane and what will it cost me? New machines cost from $5,000 to $7,500, although the Santos-Dumont Demoiselle can be bought for $1,200. In importing machines to this country there are extra charges, duty, freight etc., which amount to 50 per cent of the original cost. So much for the machine. But that is not all. You must be prepared to take lessons in flying and spend as much time as may be necessary to become proficient. Mr. Farman has said that the aeroplane breakage made by the average man in learning to fly amounts to nearly $2,000, and that to avoid dangers and to prevent accidents a man should have at least sixty trips in the air under the instruction of a competent teacher before he takes control of the machine himself. Regular schools have been established abroad at Chalons, Pau, Buc, Etampes, Mourmelon, Lyons, Juvisy, Issy and Mouzon. Hundreds of flights are being made every week. There are more than a hundred aviators with pilots' license issued by the Aero club of France. The qualifications for a pilot's license require three trips of five kilometers each, not necessarily on the same day, to be made in the presence of a committee or representatives of the Aero club. This is the European way of learning. Most of the flyers in this country have learned in a typically American way—that is, they just got in and flew, trusting to Providence, their own quick wits, and the luck of the American eagle to keep them from breaking their necks. The aviators of the Wright company have been carefully taught, but Hamilton, Mars, Willard, Baldwin (although fifty-six years old), and McCurdy just got in and flew. The more careful method, however, will save the usual beginner much "breakage money,' and maybe a hospital bill.—Augustus Post in the September "World's Work."

**About Sacred Music.** A California minister laments the quality of sacred music popular nowadays, and says it "appeals more to the heels than to the heads of congregations." Coupled with his protests, he sighs that too often mistaken sigh "for the good, old" days," when things—supposedly—were not as they now are. A lot of been written in this world; and some of it has achieved a popularity it did not deserve. We are by no means in favor of sacred music that inclines to the frivolous; we would not, for instance, approve of a hymn in "ragtime." In fact, we do not approve of any music in "ragtime." But that sacred music may fulfill its ultimate mission, and still not be altogether sad and dreary, we assert, and are prepared stoutly to maintain, "Hark, from the Tombs," does not appeal to us in the slightest, for instance. It is a musical monstrosity, so to speak, and should never have been written. Its suggestion is gloomy and its intent extremely doleful. It does not proclaim a religion of love, or evidence a healthy determination to praise. It is depressing and melancholy. Nor do we think any better of "Oh, to Be Nothing. Nothing!" Who wants to be nothing? Nobody in his right senses. The Lord did not intend, we think, that any man should seriously incline to be nothing. On the contrary, His purpose is that man shall be decidedly something. For beauty and majesty, however, where shall one seek a sweeter song than "Lead, Kindly Light?" What more soothing and restful than "Abide with Me?" If one prefers the martial airs, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" must win his instant approbation. These exhibits of sacred music do not "appeal more to the heels than the head." They do appeal, however, directly to the hearts of men—and that is the appeal that the Master loves, we believe. Sacred music should be dignified, but it need not—and should not—be mournful, sorrowful, and heavy. It is no sin to smile in church—no more a sin than it is to decorate the pupit with flowers and let the sunshine stream in through the windows.—Washington Herald.

**No Danger Of Degeneration.** Naturally, the term American means and must continue to mean a citizen of this great republic. Ethnologically, it has a constantly shifting significance. There is frequent lament lest the "old stock" shall disappear, and the virtues which it implanted and the lofty principles upon which it erected the great structure of civil and religious liberty shall go with it. With the new leavening that is every year in progress from within and without, there is an apparent basis for this apprehension, though the prospect is not so alarming as some would have us think. The destinies of most countries are worked out in ways apparently more or less mysterious, and our own is no exception. We maintain, and with good reason, that we are making a steady advance along the higher levels of human progress. Our standards of justice are higher, the public conscience is growing more sensitive, the provision for general education is being constantly increased and strengthened, and it is regarded as a reproach to wealth not to be also associated with philanthropy. With such evident tendencies and aspirations, such increasing exacting requirements in the code of social, business, and public life, why is it necessary to worry over the strain of blood that courses in the citizenship behind it? It is as pain as possible that we are not a degenerate nation. Where it otherwise there would be cause for alarm and even consternation. Our chance for salvation would be small indeed. It is a comforting reflection that the nations which have degenerated have generally done so from a homogeneous and primal stock. We should felicitate ourselves that we are in no danger of such a fate under like conditions. But we have degenerates, and the most hopeless of them are Yankees, or their equivalents; that is, the descendants of original stock in this country. If names signify anything, Silas Phelps, "the bad man of Franklin county," just captured, is one of them. There is evidently nothing in him upon which to build. He has not shown himself interesting even as a desperado. He started out a walking arsenal to defy the world and surrendered because he was thirsty; and there are many of his kind, though generally of a less exaggerated type, making themselves a curse to New England communities. He is doubtless descended from respectable ancestors, but the descent has been so great as to destroy all hope of recovery. Among the "poor whites" of the south are many of similar traits and tendencies, but they are about the "purest" Americans in the country. Perhaps the mountain whites should be excepted, since with them it is more largely a case of arrested development.—Boston Transcript.